

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EVERY CHARM TO IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1805.

[Vol. I.]

MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

AND

LADIES' LITERARY CABINET,

Published on Saturdays,

By WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN,

At their Printing-Office, No. 4, Middle Street---

Where Subscriptions, Literary Communications, and Advertisements of Fancy Articles and New Literary Publications, will be thankfully received.

Miscellaneous Selections.

EULOGY ON TIME.

FOR ages past the world has loaded Time with reproaches and invectives; he is treated as the universal destroyer: he is accused of overturning every thing, of ruining the most solid monuments, of bringing in his train old age and death; in fine, of covering the universe with ravages and ruins. We shall avenge the respectable old man of the injustice and the ingratitude of his detractors, by showing that, although he is the author of some inevitable evils he knows how to compensate them amply by the numerous favors which he confers upon mankind.

Follow a man from his cradle to his tomb: with Time he arrives at walking and speaking; with Time his limbs grow strong, and his organs develop themselves; with the assistance of Time he adorns his mind with every species of knowledge which can contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks; the passions awake; increase in violence; rise to the summit; the tempest is formed; and, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, the Unfortunate rolls from rock to rock at the mercy of the enraged waves. In vain does reason present him its torch; the thickness of the clouds obscures its light, and this very guide, struck by the tempest, serves only to lead him astray by its frequent oscillations. Who, then, can appease the multitudinous waves?---who restores a calm, and at length conducts the shipwrecked mariner into a salutary port?---Time: he, alone, extinguishes the fire of desire, suppresses the fury of the passions, and brings back to the heart of man peace and happiness. Suppose his fortune unequal to his wants, and that he must labour; it is only with the assistance of Time that he can obtain the ease which he desires; it is Time which gradually makes known his merit, and, at length, opens to

him, the road to honors and lucrative employments.

Lelia complains that Time has withered her charms; but by how many kindnesses has he indemnified her for this loss? Love for an ingrate consumed her heart, and constituted the torment of her life; Time has destroyed the illusion, and restored peace to her mind. A cruel sickness undermined her health; all medicine was of no avail: Time alone has effected for her a perfect cure.

Cephisa lost a beloved husband; her friends lavished their consolations upon her in vain: they only irritated her grief. Time came; his beneficent hand poured the balm of consolation into her afflicted heart; and Cephisa, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favor of the living, her native gaiety and charms.

Linval strove to please the young and agreeable Cidalise: in vain did he employ all the resources which nature and education gave him; his efforts were to no purpose. Linval had recourse to Time: Time softened the heart of his mistress, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Linval.

Sainville was oppressed with debt; he came to a settlement with his creditors, who allowed him Time. Time brought about the death of a rich relative, to whom he was heir; Time amassed for him some savings; Time gave him a wealthy and beautiful widow for his wife, and Sainville paid his creditors.

With Time, we arrive at the end of all things; without Time, we can do nothing.---I would gladly execute that business for you, says your friend, but I have not Time.---Why has this Work so many faults? Because the author did not take due Time in its compilation.---Why is this Eulogy on Time so short, when the subject is so capable of amplification? It is, because I have not Time to write more, and have a regard for the Time of its readers.

[FROM THE DAILY ADVERTISER.]

THE PERPETUAL COMPLAINT.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING among the number of those with whom mankind is continually dissatisfied, I beg leave to subjoin my complaints to those who have occasionally introduced them to the public through the channel of your communications. When I tell you that I am as

old as Time himself, you will allow, that on the score of longevity, I ought to be respected; and when I add that I am venerable in my appearance and temperature, as mortals themselves, you will also be disposed to grant that I am not to be reprobated on the score of inconstancy. Yet so it is, yet though I seemingly take pains to accommodate my variable dispositions to the variable dispositions of mankind, the circumstance produces no sympathetic congeniality between us; and my inconstancy is rendered proverbial, while their own propensity to fickleness never occurs to their recollection. Yes, Sir, I have no quarrel with the world on the subject of indifference, neglect or disregard; for I must confess every body pays me due attention; I am enquired after every night and every morning, and am so much the topic of conversation, and so regularly introduced after the customary greetings of ceremonial intercourse, that I may be said to be a kind of necessary assistant to conversation: for when people are barren of ideas, I am always at hand to supply the vacuity of their minds; yet I am scarcely mentioned in any other light but as the source of complaint and dissatisfaction, and without having some opprobrious epithet attached to my name. Sometimes I am accused of being too warm in my behaviour, sometimes too cold. If I smile unexpectedly, I am suspected of harbouring treacherous designs, and men say to one another sarcastically, "We shall pay for this!" If I continue my placid deportment, and am mild, sweet and amiable for any length of time, I am said to be good humoured even to satiety. Some wish me to weep when I am disposed to be merry, and some to be gay when I am inclined to be sad. Thick, heavy, dull, nasty, are epithets commonly applied to me. If I am still, I am said to be vaporish---if loud, boisterous and rude. Aches, pains, rheumatisms, and shooting corns, are often attributed to my influence. In short, Sir, I am so wretched, so censured, so abused every day, that it would seem as if I were a stranger upon earth, and born but yesterday, rather than an inhabitant of Paradise, known to Adam and Eve, and one who was present at the Creation.---But I will not detain you any longer, Sir, for I see that you are looking at me through the window, and meditating an interview with your very old acquaintance

THE WEATHER.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

ALMOST every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark side. He who habituates himself to look at the displeasing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he, who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness and the happiness of all about him.

ARACHNE and MELISSA are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverse of each other.—ARACHNE has accustomed herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliancies, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drape-ry which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry, or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little cheerful conversation, she casts her gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her; and, at last, discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

MELISSA is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to Providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her though it be a heath or common, and she will discover numberless beauties unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation, it is a rule with her, never to start a subject that leads to anything gloomy or disagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours; or (what is worst of all) their faults or imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most tedious railing into pleasant railery. Thus MELISSA, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while ARACHNE, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom, the other a continual sunshine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention than this art of happiness. In conversation, as well

as life, happiness very often depends upon the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-east wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good humor, and sicken every member of it into the vapors. If, therefore, we should be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these minutiae of conversation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the day, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder storm to which he is exposed by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower.

Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and, by thus acting, we cherish and improve both. By this practice it is that MELISSA is become the wisest and best bred woman living; and by this practice, may every person arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never failing proof is *Happiness*.

PITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

IN the happy period of the Golden Age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, amongst the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Whenever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their innocence; vice and ruin over ran the earth with giant strides; and Altea with her train of celestial visitants forsook their polluted abodes.—Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atë. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her PITY. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm.—Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in a-

mongst them, and captivate their hearts, by her tales full of charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles, twilted with her mother's cypress.

One day as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother thro' the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare, and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and LOVE be again united to JOY, his immortal and long betrothed bride.

[The following singular Character appeared sometime ago in the "Weekly Wanderer,"—we present it to our readers as an INTERESTING FUGITIVE, possessing some merit and a considerable degree of ingenuous simplicity.]

I AM of that kind of temperament, that I have sensibility enough to receive all the pleasure which the objects that surround me can afford, but not enough to be susceptible of all the mortifications and sorrow they give to others. Vexation is very little known to me, and I am a still greater stranger to littleness of spirit. I have ambition enough to take an active part in life, but not so much as to be dissatisfied with the station in which fortune has placed me. When I discover any new source of pleasure, I am extremely moved, and am instantly surprised that I could overlook the object, or regard it with indifference. When I was a youth, I was always so fortunate as to persuade myself that the woman I loved was partial to me, and when I happened to be undeceived, to be instantly cured of my passions.—Literature is with me a never failing remedy for all the ills of life, nor did I ever know what that sorrow was which an hour's reading would not dissipate. I am almost as well satisfied with the company of fools as of wise men, for I have often met men so dull as not to amuse me, and there are few things as diverting as some silly people are. I make no scruple to entertain myself with secretly observing other men's characters, permitting them meanwhile to do the same by mine. When I was a novice I looked up to the great with veneration, but experience soon changed my sentiments with little exception to extreme contempt. I am not unwilling to flatter women; it is doing them a kindness at a cheap rate. I have naturally a great anxiety for the prosperity and honor of my country, and very little for my own fame. I always feel a secret pleasure when any regulations happen to be made for the public benefit.—When I have formed an intimate friendship with any person, I have attached myself to his interest, and my heart has shared in all his fortunes, and I have longed to see him flourish. I have thought I perceived talents where the world has formed a contrary opinion.—In treating of topics at all profound and difficult, I am obliged to reflect much as I proceed, to prevent my ideas from falling into confusion. I never could see tears without some degree of sympathy. I may be said to have a passion for friendship. I am prone to forgive because hatred is a troublesome companion to me.

I have had the misfortune to be disgusted with persons whose good will I have earnestly sought. I own I have too much vanity to wish my children to make a splendid fortune, for they would find it difficult to pronounce their father's name, and my tomb would be a monument of their disgrace; I do not suppose they would level it with the ground, but they would scarcely re-

build it, if thrown down: their origin would embarrass their flatterers, and twenty times in a day bring blushes on their own cheeks: my memory would exist only to give offence, and my unhappy shade haunt the living with unceasing terrors. My ambition is to be simple in my manners, to receive as few favors as possible, and to grant as many as possible.

ON CONVERSATION.

TO make Conversation more valuable and useful, whether it be in a designed or accidental visit, among persons of the same or different sexes, after the necessary salutations are finished, and the stream of common talk begins to hesitate, or runs flat and low, let some one person take a book which may be agreeable to the whole company, and by common consent let him read in it ten lines, or a paragraph or two, or a few pages, till some word or sentence gives occasion for any of the company to offer a thought or two relating to that subject: interruption of the reader should be no blame, for conversation is the principal business; whether it be to confirm what the author says, or to improve it, to enlarge upon it, or to correct it, to object against it, or to ask any question that is a kin to it; let every one that pleases add their opinion, and promote the conversation. When the discourse sinks again, or diverts to trifles, let him that reads pursue the page, and read on further pages, till some occasion is given by a word or sentence for a new discourse to be started, and that with the utmost ease and freedom. Such a method as this would prevent the hours of a visit from running all to waste; and by this means even among scholars they will seldom find occasion for that too just and bitter reflection, "I have lost my time in the company of the learned."

By such a practice as this, young ladies may very honorably and agreeably improve their hours, while one applies herself to reading, the others employ their attention, even among the various artifices of the needle; but let all of them make their occasional remarks or enquires. This will guard a good deal of that precious time from modish trifling, impertinence or scandal, which might otherwise afford matter for painful repentance.

Humorous.

THE Duke of Newcastle had great bustle and appearance of business in his manner: always in a hurry, and rapid in conversation. Hence, Lady Townsend used to say of him "he always reminded her of a man, who lost two hours in the morning, and was looking for them the rest of the day."

Dr. Johnson, being asked what was love, answered, *It was the folly of a wise man, and the wisdom of a fool.* Dryden being asked the same question by a lady, replied, *It is a subject, Madam, I have seen, felt, and heard—but never yet could understand.*

A humorous fellow, a carpenter, being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial for an assault; one of the counsel, who was very much given to browbeat the evidence, asked him what distance he was from the parties, when he saw the defendant strike the plaintiff? The carpenter answered, "just four feet five inches and a half." "Pry'thee fellow," says the counsel, "how is it possible you can be so very exact as to distance?" "Why to tell you the truth, (says the carpenter,) I thought, perhaps, that *some fool or other might ask me, and so I measured it.*"

"How does your new purchased horse answer?" said the late Duke of Cumberland to George Selwyn. "I really don't know," replied George, "for I never asked him a question."

Some years ago, a reverend divine, Dr. Beadon, who then lived in habits of social intercourse with Garrick, Foote, &c. was rector of Eltham, in Kent. The text he took one Sunday at that place to enlarge upon, was "WHO ART THOU?" During the delivery of these words, an Officer walking up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question put to himself, suddenly and unexpectedly replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the 16th regiment of foot, on a recruiting party here, having brought my wife and family with me, and wish to be acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry."—This answer so deranged the congregation, and so astonished the divine, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could proceed, or his congregation listen with a due share of decorum.



NEWBURYPORT,

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1805.

To Patrons and Friends.

INDUCED by the very flattering reception of the specimen of this work, as well as by the accession of a considerable number of subscribers, the Editors this day commence the publication of the

Merrimack Magazine

and

Ladies' Literary Cabinet;

they now present their patrons and the public with an impression which is considered the first number, as the contents of the specimen will be found interspersed in this and succeeding numbers.

Duly impressed with the idea that the increase of patronage will depend on the merit of the work, that the merit will consist chiefly in the variety of well-written original productions, as well as elegant selections, and that for these we shall be dependent on literary friends; we repeat, therefore, that exertions shall not be wanting to induce Literary Correspondents to contribute a share of original matter to enhance its merit, and render it a source of improvement, emulation, and amusement.—Gentlemen of ability, leisure, and inclination, are respectfully invited to afford a portion of their lucubrations in aid of this undertaking. Those who may favor us with communications, will use the method of transmitting them, the most agreeable to themselves.

The FAIR SEX, for whose perusal the *Ladies' Literary Cabinet* is principally designed, it is hoped, will not deem us presumptuous in soliciting their assistance in furnishing our columns with a share of "the elegant trifles of Literature, the wild strains of Fancy," or "the pleasing amusements of harmless wit"; for, as an elegant poet beautifully expresses it,

"Nature on you as well as man bestow'd
The good capacity. And though to him
She gave the nicer judgment, yet she hid
The sweet defect in you, with better skill
To clothe the fair idea, keener eye
And quicker apprehension. 'Tis in you
Imagination glows in all her strength,
Gay as the robe of spring, and rarer delight
To see you pluck her blossoms, and compose
The cheerful melody."

HEALTH.

It is with pleasure we announce from official sources, that the fever which was at Providence and New-Haven, has entirely subsided—and that every principal town in the United States, enjoys as great, if not a greater degree of health, than for a number of years past, at this season of the year.—*Boston pap.*

In Piscataqua Bridge Lottery, No. 11286, sold in quarters by Messrs. Gilbert and Dean, Boston, was the fortunate ticket which drew the high prize of 8000 dollars.—Within a few months these gentlemen have had the pleasure of selling tickets which drew two prizes of 10,000 dolls, one of 8,000 dolls, and one of 5,000 dolls.

The Society for the discharge and relief of persons imprisoned for small debts in London, has restored to liberty, during the last year, 794 prisoners.

BUSHROD WASHINGTON Esq. is elected a member of the American Philosophical Society.

KOTZEBUE has, it is said, been arrested in Italy, as it supposed by the order of Bonaparte, in consequence of the freedom of his remarks upon the present state of France. [*Best. Gaz.*]

Ordination.

ORDAINED]—At Gloucester, on Wednesday the 7th inst. the Rev. *Perez Lincoln*, to the pastoral charge of the first parish in that town. Sermon by the Rev. Mr. *Whitney*, of Quincy, from Rev. ii. 10. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The performances were appropriate and solemn.

Hymeneal.

MARRIED]—In Dover, *Ruggles Whiting*, merchant, of Boston, to Miss *Sarah Bullen*, of the former place.—In Danvers, Mr. *William Verry*, to Miss *Hannah Phillips*.—In Salem, Mr. *Levi Traff*, of Danvers, to Miss *Polly Grant*, of the former place.

In Yorkshire, (Eng.) Mr. *John Ring*, to Miss *Mary Porter*.—After the ceremony was performed, on inquiry it was found they were brother and sister in law. The officiating clergyman, apprehensive that he had acted improperly in uniting this pair, attempted to *unmarry* them;—this novel ceremony he performed by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the Church bible there; but the charm proved not sufficiently powerful—the loving couple insisted on the validity of the marriage, and firmly resisted the dangerous innovation of attempting to untie the hymeneal knot.

In this town, Mr. *Joseph George*, to Miss *Sally Montgomery*.

Obituary.

DIED]—In Canton, Mr. *Benjamin Wentworth*.—He arrived at Canton on Saturday evening, from Boston, and died within two hours after his arrival home. Only twenty-two hours elapsed from the time he passed Canton burying place, in apparent health, to his body's being interred therein.

In Littleton, on the 2d inst. a Man was found dead on the road. He had the day before been seen passing through the town, and informed several persons that his name was *James Kitteridge*, that he was born and brought up in Tewksbury, and that his home was now in Brookfield, in this Commonwealth.—Coroner's inquest—"accidental or natural death."

In Charleston, Mrs. *Harris*, widow of T. Harris, having been run over by a wood cart.

In Boston Alms-House, Mr. *Thomas Smith*, a poor old man who was ran over by a loaded cart, on Friday evening.

In Boston, Mrs. *Kath Lewis*, Mrs. *Elizabeth Bell*, Miss *Mary Atkins*, ag. 63. Mr. *Isaac Parker*, ag. 56. Capt. *Joseph Mitchell*, a native of Bilboa, ag. 36.

In Salisbury, Miss *Martha Osgood*, ag. 19.

Subscriptions for the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet, are received at the Post Office, the Book-Stores in State-street and Market-square, by Messrs. Webb & Kettell, Middle-street, and at the Printing Office of the Publishers.

Just Published, at this Office.

AN ESSAY ON MAN, in four epistles to Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke: to which is added, The Universal Prayer. By Alexander Pope, Esq.

ALMEDIA ST. ALBANS; or, Magnanimity Rewarded. To which is added, THE WOUNDED SOLDIER—a Fragment. Also—Tragic Tales—The Graduate in Vice—Amusing Tales—Pretty Riddle Book, &c. &c.

Newburyport, August 17, 1805.


~~~~~  
 Selected Poetry.  
 ~~~~~

[FROM THE PORT FOLIO.]

THE MISANTHROPE.

[It is to be hoped for the honour of human nature that a complete Misanthrope never existed. Certain advances toward this degraded state of intellect have however undoubtedly been made. An elegant author observes, "There is a sublime and tender melancholy, almost the universal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into a gloom and disgust with the world."—The melancholy and disgust, which this witter mentions, is the mildest kind of misanthropy. It flows from the most amiable and humane sentiments, and from the tenderest sublimity of the soul. It delights not in the miseries of mankind; on the contrary, it mingles the tear of compassion with their follies and misfortunes. Its cause of disgust, of its avoiding the haunts of busy life, and of its seeking the shade of solitude, arises from its disappointment in the high and romantic opinions it had formed of the sincerity and virtue of man, and from its defeat in its warm and visionary plans of happiness. Shakespeare, that accurate painter of nature, has presented us with two characters of this cast which we have described, and one of a much darker hue. Hamlet is a noble and exalted character. His disposition is amiable, his sensibility is exquisite. In the ardency of youth when every passion is alive, when every injury is most severely felt, he becomes unfortunate. His misfortunes are not occasioned by his own crimes, but by the crimes of those, with whom he is nearly connected, and for whom his affection is strong. These misfortunes change the direction of his principles of action. He sinks into melancholy, and conceives disgust with the world. His murdered father leaves the world of spirits, appears at midnight before him, and awakens every nerve to agony; yet amid the gloom that surrounds him, we see benevolence and magnanimity still directing his steps. The misanthropy of Jaques is more habitual and deeply rooted than that of Hamlet. Hamlet's was occasioned by misfortune. That of Jaques arose from contempt for the follies and vanities of life. They both however proceeded from an excess of sensibility. The description which is given of Jaques moralizing on the wounded deer, is eminently beautiful, and will throw his character in a full beam of light.

*To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
 To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en hurt
 Did come to languish, and indeed my Lord
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook
 Augmenting it with tears.*

*Duke. But what said Jaques,
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?
 Lord. O yes into a thousand families.
 First, for his weeping in the needful stream;
 Poor deer quoth he, thus mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then being alone
 Left and abandon'd by his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he; thus misery doth part
 The flux of company; anon a careless herd
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him: ay, quoth Jaques,*

*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens
 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most invectively he pass'd through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals and kill them up.*

Timon of Athens is a character different from both these. Every human principle of his bosom is lost, is swallowed up in his inveteracy against the people of Athens. He hates the face of every human being, and becomes a solitary wanderer of the desert. In the following poem the author has endeavoured to exhibit MISANTHROPY in its last stage of depravity. Timon of Athens is the model from which he has drawn his representation.]

MISANTHROPE.

TIS night again—no more let morning rise,
 Or hated light salute these damned eyes;
 Wrapt in these glooms, and hush'd in awe profound
 Be every object, every human sound;
 What pleases man O may I never share,
 Be dead each feeling, reign alone despair.
 Alone, distracted, buried in this cave,
 Unseen, unknown, forever let me rave.
 Let no fond reptile dare approach this place,
 That bears resemblance to the human race.
 No feather'd songster dare attune its throat,
 And fill these thickets with its lovelick note;
 But let the howlings of the beasts of prey,
 Rise on the blast and drown each tender lay;
 The owl's shrill cry, the awful groan of death,
 And shrieks of spirits tremble o'er the heath.
 Man—man—sell man—fly far this haunted shade,
 My air pollute not, nor my paths invade;
 If in my walks I meet thy frightful form,
 I'll rend thee piecemeal to the howling storm;
 I'd pity not, I have forgot to feel,
 My bosom's harder than the polish'd steel;
 I give no pity—none will I receive,
 May fiends torment him who for me would grieve;
 Harder than marble be transform'd that tear,
 Which falls in sorrow o'er my silent bier;
 I want no friends to follow my remains,
 No sighs of mourning, and no pious strains;
 No lovely wife to melt in tenderest woes,
 No little children, all mankind be foes!
 When death's cold slumber comes to close these eyes,
 And my soul labours in fierce agonies,
 I'll smile disdainful at the dart of death,
 And pour forth curses with my latest breath;
 Around this haunt cast my last glimmering sight,
 And sink triumphant in the depths of night.
 Then may the tiger make my grave his den,
 To guard my bones from every human ken;
 From fields of slaughter thither bring his food,
 And drench my ashes with a victim's blood:
 I once had mercy, once this breast could glow,
 And melt with pity at another's woe;
 Once sweet benevolence for all mankind,
 Prompted my actions, and each thought refin'd;
 The mournful tale then claim'd my willing ear,
 And with my gifts I always gave a tear.
 But when misfortune fell upon my head,
 And drove me from my little peaceful shed,
 No friendly arms were open to my cries,
 No roof to shield me from the wintry skies;
 Those very wretches that my bounty fed,
 With pride disdainful from my footsteps fled.
 Once a fair wife reclin'd within my arms,
 Sweeten'd my peace with her seducing charms;
 Soften'd each passion by her magic art,
 And stole to raptures this deluded heart;
 But when a fell, designing villain came,
 She fled with him and loaded me with shame.
 I had a child—he was my only boy,
 My dawning prospect, and my evening joy;
 Nature had form'd him with her utmost care,
 With each attraction that can win the fair;
 His stature rose in strength and manly grace,
 The rays of genius lighten'd on his face.
 O how I lov'd him—but how ill repaid,
 Was all my fondness and parental aid;
 He too forsook me for an harlot's bed,
 And lavish'd curses on his father's head.
 O shudder nature, at thy dark disguise,
 Man, boasted Man, is infamy and lies.

I'll now go prowling, the wildering mazes tread,
 And climb the mountain's bleak and rugged head;
 Hang in grim pleasure o'er the dreadful deep,
 And hear the tempest lash the angry deep;
 Invoke the furies from their midnight cave,
 And call the murderer from his yawning grave.

SONG.

By T. Dibdin:

A BACHELOR leads an easy life,
 Few folks that are wed live better;
 A man may live well with a very good wife,
 But the puzzle, is how to get her;
 There are pretty good wives, and pretty bad wives,
 And wives neither one thing nor t'other,
 And as for the wives who scold all their lives,
 I'd sooner wed Adam's grand-mother.
 Then ladies and gents, if to marriage inclin'd,
 May deceit and ill-humor ne'er trap ye!
 May those who are single get wives to their mind,
 And those who are married, live happy!
 Some chuse their ladies for ease and for grace,
 Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're walking;
 Some chuse 'em for figure, and some for a face,
 But very few chuse 'em for talking.
 Now as for a wife, I could follow through life,
 'Tis she who can speak sincerely:
 Who, not over nice, can give good advice,
 And love a good husband dearly.
 So ladies and gents, when to wedlock inclin'd,
 May deceit, and ill-humor ne'er trap ye!
 May those who are single, find wives to their mind,
 And those who are married, live happy!

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

STOP THIEF!!!

WHEREAS,—(Pho! giddy thoughtless elf,
 Too innocent alas, thyself,
 To guard against another's art)
 —Left Wednesday night I lost my heart,
 And hoping, but I fear in vain,
 To get the trifle back again,
 I got a letter fairly penn'd,
 And sent to one I thought my friend,
 Offering of my own accord,
 Not only pardon but reward;
 But she, without or rhyme or reason
 (Which speaks her party of the treason)
 Has, lest the theft should come to light,
 Suppress'd my Proclamation quite—
 —Now, if before tomorrow morning,
 Neglecting this my second warning,
 She neither will the toy resign,
 Nor send her own instead of mine,
 In such a case the law is clear,
 As by the records may appear,
 Consult them all, you'll find it true,
 She e'en must take the body too.

BELCOUR.

TO A GENTLEMAN

who complained of having lost his Gold Watch.

FRET not my friend, or peevish say
 Your fate is worse than common;
 For Gold takes wings and flies away,
 And Time will slay for no man.

FROM A LADY TO DEAN SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
 What reason can be given,
 Since marriage is a holy thing,
 That there are none in heaven?
 There are no women, he replied,
 She quick return'd the jest:
 Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest.

THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF
LETTER-PRESS PRINTING,

HANDSOMELY EXECUTED,

ON MODERATE TERMS, BY

W. & J. GILMAN,

AT THEIR

Printing-Office,

Opposite Messrs. Parker & Dole's Cabinet-Store,

West end of Middle-street.

BLANKS, CARDS, SHOP BILLS, TICKETS,
 and all kinds FANCY WORK, printed at a short notice.